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A Funeral Idyll,
Sacred to the Glorious Memory
O F
K. WILLIAM III.

*Quæ Cura Patrum, Quæve Quiritium
Plenis honorum muneribus tuas,
Auguste, Virtutes in æcum
Per titulos memoresque Fastos
Æternæ?*

Horace.

By Mr. Oldmixon.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Nich. Cox at the Golden Bible without
Temple-Bar, and sold by J. Nutt near
Stationers-Hall, 1702.

A Funeral Idyll,

dedicated to the Glorious Martyr

to

K. WILLIAM III.

See Cens. Part. 2. Sec. 1. 1702.

Printed by W. B. 1702.

Anglican. Vindicta in 1702.



Per titulos memor. 1702.

Alfredus.

By Mr. Oldmixon.

L O W D O N

Printed for W. B. at the Golden Bible without

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

I Wou'd not be accus'd of Singularity, in affecting to write Blank Verse, nor be thought prejudic'd against Rhiming. 'Tis not in the Power of any Man much less in mine, to restore the Muses to their original Liberty, and shake off the Bondage of Rhimes. What so great a Genius as Milton might have done, had he liv'd longer, or begun earlier, to shew us how Unnecessary they are, to render Poetry more Musical, is easy to imagine, by what he has left us. And tho' some eminent Judges have condemn'd his Language and Versification, there are others who declare as justly for both. And indeed some Pages of his Paradise Lost, for Beauty of Stile, and Harmony of Numbers, as well as Dignity of Thought, are not to be match'd by the most Famous of our Versificaters. Besides, since there is no Language which wants 'em so little as the English, to soften or grace it, and no Poets who have so often, and with better Success, endeavour'd to throw 'em off. I know not why we shou'd retain any thing of Barbarity, when we may so easily get rid on t. The Reader, I hope, will excuse me for saying so much to defend my self by Milton's Example, and not mistake it for Criticism, or a desire to condemn others who will not imitate him, or perhaps who cannot. There are several common Scribblers, who lately have attack'd any thing that looks like Criticising, and not being able to write regularly, condemn all Rules. However, 'tis not to be fear'd, that Authors of their Rank, will ever succeed in their Opposition to Truth and Reason: And a Man may venture still to speak his Sentiments in his search of either, without disgusting the Sober and Reasonable. This is not a time nor place to deal with those Persons as they deserve, but Justice delay'd is not always forgotten. Every one who writes Verse will own, he wou'd be glad of this Poetical Freedom, unless it be those who began to Versifie from their Dexterity at Crambo. Those who judge by the Gingle, are not to be pleas'd without it tho' they may be the most numerous Party (for we do not yet live in an Age, when Truth, in Arts or Politicks, has the Majority) perhaps they will not be the most Judicious. And since a Man must have more Fortune than Judgment to gain their Applause, I despair of succeeding. In the Idyll on the Peace, I made the first Essay to throw off Rhimes, and the kind Reception that Poem met with, has encourag'd me to attempt it again. I have not been perswaded by my Friends to change the Title of Idyll into Idyllium; for having an English word set me by Mr. Dryden, which he uses indifferently with the Greek, I thought it might be as proper in an English Poem. I shall not be solicitous to justify my self to those who except against his authority, till they produce me a better: I have heard him blam'd for his Innovations and Coining of words, even by Persons who have already been sufficiently guilty of the Fault they lay to his Charge; and shewn us what we are to expect from 'em, were their Names as well settled as his. If I had Qualifications enough to do it successfully, I shou'd advise 'em to write more Naturally, Delicately and Reasonably themselves, before they attack Mr. Dryden's Reputation; and to think there is something more necessary to make a Man write well, than the Favour of the Great, or the Success of a Faction. We have every Year seen how Fickle Fortune has been to her declar'd Favourites, and Men of Merit, as well as

The PREFACE.

he who has none, have suffer'd by her Inconstancy, as much as they got by her Smiles: This shou'd alarm such as are eminently indebted to her, and may be of use to 'em in their future Reflections on others Productions, not to assume too much to themselves from her Partiality to them, lest, when they are left like their Predecessor, it shou'd only serve to render 'em the more Ridiculous.

I shou'd have said more of the subject of this Poem, but that had drawn me into a Task too difficult for me to go through with: The Character of King William is so Vast and so Glorious, 't has Foil'd all who have yet undertaken it: The Sincerity of my Grief for our General and Irreparable Loss, is the most recommendable part of this Idyll. I despair'd of describing the Royal Vertues of so Illustrious a Monarch, in a Draft at full length, and left it to the Gentleman, who, I hear, intends to give the World his Life, and who is only capable to do it as it ought. The Libels which Hackney-Writers may publish on him, under that Name, will be as great a Wrong to his Memory, as the Miserable Poems which have appear'd on that subject---In expectation of better, I have done my Duty in giving my best; and hope those Authors who prais'd him so often and so justly, when he was on the Throne, will not forget a Prince who was as Dear to his Friends, as Dreadful to his Foes; and who had no Enemies, but the Enemies of Mankind.

ERRATA. Page 13. Line 9. for *Pan* read *Pain*.

A Funeral-Idyll,

Sacred to the Glorious Memory

O F
K. WILLIAM III.

Thyrsis, Menalcas.

Thyrsis. OH thou, who lately by this silver Stream,
So sweetly welcom'd the return of Peace
Again, *Menalcas*, tune thy Oaten Reed,
Thy Oaten Reed, Alas ! will be too weak
To sing the Fury of our Just Despair,
For *Pan*, I dye to say it, *is no more*.

Menalcas. Ah, *Thyrsis*, are the Gods like humble
Was *Cæsar* Mortal, who so oft has met, (Swains?
And dar'd in Fighting Fields, the Tyrant Death?
Say--Wou'd all Nature then appear so Gay,
Smile with the forward Beauties of the Spring?
Wou'd Birds so chearfully salute the Morn,
Wou'd the young Year leap gladly from the Womb
B Of

Of Teeming Earth, before the Lab'ring Moons
 Have ripen'd it to Form, to see a fight
 Which threatens to Unhinge the Jarring World,
 And to first Chaos fling the Medley Mass.
 Well I remember, when of Old we lost
 The Boasted Ruler of the State, the Winds
 Brokè from all Quarters with outrageous War,
 The Forrest Oaks were by the Tempest torn ;
 Old Ocean, to revenge his dying Lord,
 Dash'd his white Waves against the Guilty Shoar.
 Say--Wou'd this Warrior of the Race of Jove,
 A God--For how can we believe him less ?
 To Empire summon'd by the Voice of Heaven,
 Sigh out his Soul, like one of us in Peace,
 While, unconcern'd, the merry Season laughs,
 While Winter from the hasty Summer flies,
 And Zephyrs--wanton with the blooming Woods,
 Wou'd the Sun warm us with his Genial Heat,
 Wou'd Seas be hush'd--and all things in a Calm,
 If Pan--I dye to say it--*was no more.*

Thyrsis. Return ye Winter Winds, and Rage ye Seas,
 Hence the fair Promise of a Joyous Spring,
 Ye Birds be silent--and ye op'ning Flow'rs,
 Abortive Weather--let the frightened day
 In Clouds Impenetrable hide his Beams
 For Pan--I dye to say it, *is no more.*

See,

See, see, *Menalcas*, how the Virgins Weep,
 And Frantick as the Nymphs of *Bacchus* rave,
 They tear their flowry Chaplets from their Brows,
 Pluck up their golden Tresses by the roots,
 They beat their lovely Breasts--the Matrons run,
 And in their arms their little Infants bear,
 To beg Protection of the Deathless Gods,
 And with their horrid Cries torment the Air ;
 See, from their Flocks the careless Shepherds fly,
 To swell the Chrystal Current with their tears ;
 The Wolf may come--for who can save 'em now ?
 The God, who rescu'd and preserv'd the Plains,
 Who scowr'd the Woods of ev'ry Beast of Prey,
 Who, next to *Jove*, defended us and blest,
 To Conquest us'd us, and who gave us Peace,
Nassau, I dye to say it, *is no more*.

Menalcas. Why then are you and I--is Life so sweet
 That any Being we prefer to none,
 Unless to be with pleasure--who wou'd be ?
 And what can please us--what can give us ease ?
 Now *Cæsar* is no more.
 Oh *Phæbus* ! Father of Immortal Verse,
 Behold thy Sons Impatient to receive
 Their Portion of Cœlestial Fire, to tell
 How Great *Nassau*--Ah can they tell it ? dy'd.
 On Earth their Hero, and their Saint in Heaven ;
 How *Pan*, I dye to say it--*is no more*.

Thyrsis.

Thyrsis. Attend ye Shepherds, hear ye fighting Maids,
Menalcas, by *Apollo* taught, will sing
 Of VVonders past, and mighty things to come.
 Let Grief, tumultuous now with silent awe,
 Approach and listen- while the Swain inspir'd
 In Notes as lofty as his Voice can reach,
 To Rivers, Hills, and Ecchoing Dales, proclaims,
 How *Pan*, I dye to say it, *is no more*.

Menalcas. Oh that the Muses! to reward my Song,
 VVou'd make it lasting as the Monarchs Fame;
 For sooner shall this Current change his course,
 And backward to his Mother Fountain run;
 VVolves with our Lambs shall innocently play,
 And sooner you forsake your silent Shades
 For Noise and Tumult, than the Victor's Name
 To endless Ages cease to be ador'd:
 In vain your Marble Monuments you'll raise,
 And write his Victories on Sheets of Brass;
 The Stone will moulder, and the Mettle wast,
 But in our Hearts, and in our Loyal Sons,
 His Vertues, and his Deeds of Arms, shall live
 To all Posterity recorded down.

VVhere am I now transported by the Muse?
 Aloft she bears me on a tow'ring VVing,
 Beneath to view the Nations in Despair,
 And boundless Sorrow in a thousand shapes.

Britannia

Britannia first in Widow-weeds appears,
 Her Hair dishevell'd, and her Bosom bare ;
 Her weeping Infants in her Lap she holds,
 Now silently she drops Majestick Tears,
 Now calls on unrelenting Heav'n aloud,
 Give me my Lord, my Champion, and my King ;
 Who else can save me from Invading Foes ?
 VWho guide my Councils, and my Armies lead ?
 VWho Bridle Faction ?-- *Ab ! ye Sons Ingrate !*
 VWell, are you worthy to lament him dead,
 VWhom living with unduteous Rage ye vex'd ?
 Did the most Zealous of your *Hydra* Crew
 Do more for Liberty ? You murm'ring askt
 What *Cæsar* granted with such Gracious Smiles
 As Heav'n on Penitent Offenders casts.
 Oh had you been as ready to Repent
 As *Cæsar* to Forgive. You oft were try'd
 By War, Division, and Egyptian Plagues,
 With equal Obstinacy you refus'd,
 To hear the Prophets, and obey your King,
 Till high the mighty Angel held his Sword,
 And cut off all your hopes--who now too late
 Your Disobedience curse--Thus *Belial's* Host
 Fell from Eternal Splendours to the Deep,
 And burn in Liquid Fires, for leud Designs
 Against the Highest, and their Lust of Change :
 Oh whither are you fall'n--when *Cæsar* reign'd,

Neglected other Empires lay by Fame,
 While all her talk was you--whom injur'd States,
 And Kings oppress'd, to be reliev'd, implor'd.
 For as your Navy can by winds be blown,
 The Victor's Name was dreaded and ador'd ;
 Long in Lethargick Slumbers you consum'd,
 And Years of Infamy successive rowl'd,
 So lost to Vertue and your ancient Fame,
 You fear'd 'twas past the pow'r of Man to save,
 Ev'n then *Nassau* your Gloomy Darkness cheers,
 And with new Glories gilds the British Sky ;
 Transported, you behold returning Day,
 Dazl'd with intollerable Floods of Light ;
 All *Europe* saw it as a Glorious Pledge
 Of future Conquest and triumphant Peace.
 Now recollecting all your Father's Force,
 VVarm with the Trophies of unusual War,
 You fiercely follow where the Hero leads,
Boyne--and the Monarch in their Rapid Course,
 Saw how intrepid o're the Waves you Rode,
 And drove the Rebels from the distant Shoar :
 The Brittish Name grows Terrible again,
 And *France* again begins to fear your Arms.
 Ah! where's her Fear? Ah! where the Hero now?
 VVeep, weep, ye *Brittains*, you the Nobler Part,
 My Brave, my Loyal, and my Pious Sons,
 For see--the Lewdest of my Children weep,

And

And blefs him with their Impious Breath too late,
 Scarce in their Tears distinguish'd from the Best,
 Soon as it fled they miss'd his mighty Soul,
 The Life of Peace, and Genius of the VVar,
 Attack'd abroad--too much at home betray'd ;
 He calmly conquer'd all his Foes, but Death,
 Some with Resistless Courage he subdu'd,
 And some with Mercy as Resistless gain'd.
 Thus Great and Good-- she woud have said--he dy'd,
 But Suffocating Sighs prevents her Speech :
 Wrapt in her Sable Mantle she Reclines,
 And gives a loose to Sorrow and Despair.

Next *Belgia*, Rampant in her Grief, and loud,
 A loving Mother, and a faithful Friend,
 Thus o're her Son, with unaffected Tears,
 And Complaints as hearty as Unpolish'd, Mourns,
 Down with your Sluces, and your costly Dams,
 Restore your borrow'd Cities to the Sea ;
 For now, *Batavians*, you'll with useles Toil,
 Plough the rough Waves--and rob the Indian Groves ;
 Your Gums, your Spices, and your Eastern Wealth,
 Will all, to the Destroyer, be a Spoil.

Your Prince, your Friend, your Guardian, *is, no more,*
 Whose early Valour sav'd your sinking State,
 And prop'd the Building which his Fathers rais'd.

Tyrants

Tyrants and Monsters, e're in Manhood ripe,
 Like young *Alcides* from the World he swept.
 Fierce as a Deluge, when the Spoiler King
 Ran o're your Ramparts, and your Towns destroy'd ;
Nassau impetuous, like his God-like Sires,
 As swiftly as he came, repell'd the *Gaul*,
 From Forreign Bondage let you free, a Yoke
 Severer than *Iberian* Chains of Old.
 Again he threats you with a Numerous Host,
 And VVar impending in a bloody Cloud,
 Hangs ghastly o're your Heads ; Avert it Heav'n !
 To whom but Thee, Omnipotent and Just,
 For Succour can we fly ?
 Of him that was our only Hope bereft,
Nassau, our want of Numbers cou'd supply,
 With Force unequal he repuls'd the Foe,
 Himself an Army, and Victorious still,
 O're Fortune he triumph'd, and Fate adverse,
 Nor ow'd his Greatness, or to Fraud or Chance.
 Collected in himself, he stood the Storm,
 The World his Burthen, with his proper strength,
 Like *Atlas* he sustain'd the Falling Globe.
 Now--terrible to think--the Pond'rous Ball
 Totters unsteady in the vast Expanse,
 By cruel Zeal, or wild Ambition blown,
 In the first Tempest from its Base 'twill start,
 Hast cruel Zeal, and wild Ambition hast ;

While

While my brave Sons to Execute prepare
 The latest Councils of our Darling Lord ;
 She said--and weeping to her Gally hies,
 Which streit she pushes from her artful Shoars,
 To visit Fair *Britannia*, and condole
 Their Loss and *Europe's* in their lov'd *Nassau*.

Cease--Cease--*Melpomene*! thy daring Flight
 O're Cities, Mountains, and extended Plains
 She Wings--And lagging, I with *Pan* pursue
Almania now I see--a stately Dame,
 Sullenly sad--but in her Grief sincere.
 Ah Poor Remainers of the Roman Name,
 By *Christian Infidels*, and *Turk* distressed
 Abroad, what Hopes to gain thy Ravish'd Rights,
 Unable to defend thy self at home :
 Thy best Ally--the Champion of thy Cause,
Nassau ! who bore thy Eagle to the Field,
 As Dreadful as in ancient Times, maintain'd
 The Crown Imperial, by his Fathers worn ;
Nassau, Alas ! and Conquest, are no more.

No more the *Danube*, and the rappid *Rhine*,
 Shall see him through the *Gallick* Squadrons drive,
 And force the Bold Invaders from their Banks.

D

To

To the first *Cæsar*, thus the first *Nassau*,
 Oppos'd his War-like *Suabians*, and compell'd
 The Great Dictator to Record his Fame,
 Nor bent to *Julius*, but the Fate of *Rome*.

In long Succession from his Loyns have sprung,
 Sacred to Liberty, a Race Divine,
 The last, the Greatest of his Line, we Mourn.

Securely in his Reign, we Prun'd our Vines,
 And differing Nations held their own in Peace ;
 The *Gablick* Robber, Greedy of the Spoil,
 Couch'd, trembling, at the *Brittish* Lyons Roar,
 And ne'er transgress'd the Limits he prescrib'd,
 But on his Young, a cruel Banquet, fed.
 Now, uncontroul'd, he'll Sally from his Bounds,
 On Towns and Provinces, defenceless Prey.
 Ah, Lost *Almania* ! who for thee will Arm
 Collected *Europe*, and Unite her Realms ;
 She seems a Body now, without a Soul ;
Nassau, who animated all her Frame,
Nassau, who ever to defend her Wak'd,
 Ah *Europe* ! in eternal Sleep is lost.
 Thus to her Sons, Disconsolate, she spoke,
 Then Paus'd, and starting from her Throne, she cry'd,
 Let Myriads of his Poet attend his Shade,
 To the Bright Verge of ever-during Day.

My

My Eagle to her Native Woods we'll bear,
 And *Italy* again be mine-- To Arms,
 We'll Conquer in his Name--
 Still hurry'd by the Heav'nly Maid along,
 The Savage Dwellers of the North I view,
 The *Sweed* Victorious, and the Vanquish'd *Pole*,
 The *Russ* and *Dane*, lament with hideous Howls,
 Peace from his Piety and Arts unknown,
 They long expected, but expect no more.

Now Southward as the Muse returns, she sees
 The Strumpet *Gallia* with Insulting Smiles,
 And Proud *Iberia* in their Safety, Joy :
 Fill up the Measure of your Crimes--Rejoyce,
 Prophane your Pleasure as your Fear was base ;
 Provoke the *Brittains* to Revenge their King,
 And punish, as they ought, your Impious Mirth.

Hence--Bear me from this cruel Vision home,
 Yon rising Star will guide us through the Gloom,
 A welcome Omen of *Elisa's* Days :
 Bless it, ye *Brittains*, with your Vows sincere.
 Thus Fair she rose, and with continu'd Light,
 Dispers'd her Beams around the neighb'ring Spheres.
 Thus long, Oh Queen ! Thus Happy be your Reign,
 The same your Royal Vertues, and your Fate,
 Belov'd, Obey'd, and o're the World Renown'd.

Descend

Descend *Melpomene*! Descend and leave
 Thy Shepherd with his Fellow-Swains to Mourn;
 The Goddess *Clio* will her Trumpet sound,
 And loud *Calliope* Inspire her Sons,
 In Numbers Mighty as the Theam to sing.

Thyrsis. How Sweet, the Musick that can Charm Despair,
 Sing on, *Menalcas*! See--the Flocks and Herds
 Their Pasture leave, to listen to thy Song.

Menalcas. See--rather, *Thyrsis*, how the lengthning
 And *Phœbus* hastning to the West--Invite (Shades,
 The Shepherds and the Nymphs to Love and Rest.
 Hence--Love and Rest, and ev'ry *Sylvan* Joy,
 For *Pan*, I dye to say it, is no more.



F I N I S.
